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# California Violets

By Grace Hibbard.

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# CALIFORNIA VIOLETS

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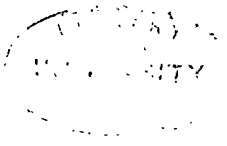
# CALIFORNIA VIOLETS

## A BOOK OF VERSE

BY

GRACE HIBBARD



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## *PRELUDE*

*Because you mirror the skies*
*In color of heaven's own blue,—*
*For your sweet and dainty selves,*
*Violets, I love you.*

*For thoughts of a sylvan home,*
*For forest trees gemmed with dew,*
*For sake of the Giver kind,*
*Violets, I love you.*

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## LITTLE SOLDIER

I HOLD my little soldier's hat
With fond, caressing hand;
I smooth the nodding feather out,
And then the twisted band.

He ever was "a soldier boy,"
A "Captain," in his play;
The pretty toy — his fallen sword —
I cannot hide away.

Defying Time — the enemy —
That heals the wounded heart,
His tiny cannon aimless stands
From other toys apart.

Outside, upon the lilac-bush,
His plaything flag I see;
A storm has dimmed its colors bright,
As life is dimmed for me.



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## LEST THE LOVED DEAD COME BACK AGAIN

LEST the loved dead come back again,
  Groping their way through the infinite space,
Snatching a torch from among the bright stars,
  To light a pathway unto thy face;
Lest they come back with unheard tread—
Be faithful ever unto your dead.

Lest the loved dead come back again
  Wearying for you in the world of bliss,
Longing to wreathe you with unseen arms,
  To seal you their own with the old-time kiss;
And with white fingers your hair to thread—
Be faithful ever unto your dead.

Lest your loved dead come back again,
  Let not your heart to the living stray.
Lest a star-torch fall from cold, white hands,
  Lest despairing the loved dead turn away;
Lest they come back with unheard tread—
Be faithful ever unto your dead.



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## A WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM

LAST night beside my hearthstone
She sat in snowy dress;
The firelight touched her golden hair
With many a fond caress.

She wore white autumn flowers,
Like frozen stars they seemed;
One flower she left, else I should think
Of angels I had dreamed.



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## UNDER THE PINES

BEFORE the grate in the firelight,
On the night when the year grows old,
Watching the smoke curl phantom-like
And the coals turn to living gold,

I sit and dream as I listen
To sweet clamor of New Year chimes,
And whisper low the vows I made
In the moonlight under the pines.

I have left the dazzling ballroom,
Decked in jewels that brightly gleam;
In my dress of pearl-white satin
I have come to my room to dream.

I have left music and dancing,
The soft, perfumed tropical air,
The eyes and the voices that told me,
"The rose of the mountains is fair."



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Once more I am Mabel, daughter
  Of "Old Ben" of the Blue Bell claim.
I hear my boy-lover asking,
  "Wild rose, will you love me the same

"When you go to your father's sister,
  To the city so far away?
Will my 'Blue Bird' of the mountains
  Come back to the home-nest some day?"

Upon our sure-footed ponies
  Up the zigzag cañon wild,
We had wandered to gather flowers,
  In the twilight of springtime mild.

The giant peaks in the gloaming
  Seemed touching the shining stars,
The moonlight upon the pine-trees
  Turned their branches to golden bars.

I answered with hand uplifted,
  "Just as long as the North Star shines
I will keep the vow I made you
  In the moonlight under the pines."

So I've left the dazzling ballroom,
  Decked in jewels that flash and gleam;



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## UNDER THE PINES

In my dress of pearl-white satin,
I have come to my room to dream.

I kneel in the glowing firelight,
As I listen to New Year chimes,
And whisper low the vows I made
In the moonlight under the pines.



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## BUT PAINTED SHADOWS UPON THE WALL

Of the dear eyes and lips that told us
In love's fond language we were their all,
Naught is there left our hearts to comfort
But painted shadows upon the wall.

Vainly we gaze with eyes o'erflowing,
Vainly their loved names gently we call,
Begging one word—alas, they speak not,
Those painted shadows upon the wall.

Pictures of eyes and smiles most tender,
Days of the happy past ye recall,
And earth holds naught to us so precious
As painted shadows upon the wall.



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## IN THE STARLIGHT WITH YOU

OUT in the starlight and half-tropic sweetness,
'Neath skies of soft azure deep'ning in hue,
Up to the zenith's shimmering darkness,
Out in the starlight walking with you.

Out in the starlight, 'mid incense of flowers,
Winging its way to the infinite blue,
Just for one moment forgetting life's sorrows,
Out in the starlight walking with you.

## ONLY A FLOWER

A FLOWER lay in the dust
On a crowded city street;
Like a fallen star it seemed
Trampled by passing feet.
Crushed were its silvery rays,
And broken its golden heart;
In the glory of summertime,
It could nevermore have a part.



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## THE ENGINEER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER

WHERE far away the two long tracks
Seem running into one,
I watch and watch for father's train
At setting of the sun.

I seem a giant as I stand,
My shadow at my side;
The engine just a tiny dot
Upon the prairie wide.

But oh, it grows and grows and grows
Into a monster high,
Flying a silver banner out
Against the eastern sky.

My father 't is the engine drives,—
He watches out for me;
And whistles by the willow-trees,
To let me know 't is he.

He takes me on the engine tall;
I ride when it goes slow,
Backing about from track to track,
Taking on freight, you know.



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## THE ENGINEER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER

I love my father very much,
  And when he kisses me
I never mind that he is black
  And leaves the black on me.

When I go home my mother dear
  Speaks soft and low to me,
And kisses me—I wonder why—
  Just where the black spots be.



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## HOPE

THERE 's never a day so dark and drear
But that its close may shine
In rose and gold and amethyst,
And tints of ruby wine.

There 's never a night so wrapped about
In mist and drifting rain,
But that the clouds may roll away
And stars look out again.



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## LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

In far-off classic land,
Blazing torch in her hand,
  On a high tower,
Stood Hero, young and fair,
With halo of bright hair,
  At the midnight hour.

Out on the inky night
Fluttered the red torch-light,
  To guide her lover.
Flaring in the keen blast,
Then lost, like star o'ercast,
  Held high above her.

Not half a year ago
In vestal robes like snow,
  To sound of lyres,
Upon an altar bright,
On Venus' festal night,
  She fed the fires.



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Child of a noble Greek,
With face of virgin meek,
  Eyes of heaven's blue.
'Mid clouds of incense rare,
She stood a priestess fair,
  To the goddess true.

Love made her vows as naught,
Sweet lesson she was taught
  In one short hour.
Dark eyes of Thracian youth,
Told her the wondrous truth
  Of love's grand power.

Banished to island lone,
To castle ivy-grown,
  Alone they left her.
Love can bridge water wide;
So, soon to Hero's side,
  Came young Leander.

Swimming the Hellespont
Nightly became his wont
  To Hero's tower.
First, by the moon's pale light,
Making a pathway bright,
  At moonrise hour.



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But came a stormy night,
With lightnings flashing bright,
  And sad winds wailing.
Moonless and starless sky,
Black clouds o'er gray sky fly,—
  Pirate ships sailing.

Love can make darkness light;
Out on the stormy night,
  Hero's torch flashes.
Leander sees the gleam,
And in the angry stream
  Heedlessly dashes.

Pitiless breakers roar,
Louder than e'er before
  Seem to the swimmer.
Darker the gray sky grows,
Wilder the storm-wind blows,
  Hero's light dimmer.

She from her tower prays
Goddess of her young days
  To save her lover.
Brighter the lightnings flash,
Louder the breakers dash,
  No stars above her.



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## LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

Down on the rocks below,
'Mid breakers white as snow,
  There he lies dying.
Down to his side she leaps,
Torch in her hand she keeps,
  Meteor flying.

Long line of golden light,
Lighting fair Hero's flight,
  Through death's dark portal.
Such love that does not shrink
Even from death's dread brink,
  Must be immortal.



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## PICTURE OF A COLONIAL CHRISTMAS EVE.

An ancient clock in the corner stands,
There are pewter dishes on dresser tall,
And firearms of the old-time war
Are crossed together upon the wall.

The moonlight a silver pathway makes
In slanting brightness across the floor,
And the fitful flare of firelight,
Casts wild, weird shadows upon the door.

Into the window a rosebud peeps,
Wrapped in a mantle of fleecy snow,
And the house-cat in a high-backed chair,
Sleeps in the firelight's cheerful glow.

Before two stockings of scarlet wool,
With tender light in her eyes of brown,
Stands a mother, slight and young and fair,
In snowy kerchief and homespun gown.



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## HE CAME TO ME IN A DREAM LAST NIGHT.

He came to me in a dream last night,
He whom I love, my sainted dead;
He kissed my forehead, he kissed my hands,
And many a loving word he said.

I told him that long the years had been,
That no other held in my heart his place,
That 't was joy to hear his well-loved voice,
It was joy to see his well-loved face.

I woke at twitter of wild-bird's notes,
Awoke at touch of a lance of light;
My heart is glad, for I know he lives,—
He came to me in a dream last night.



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## WILD ROSES

To-night before the bright footlights,
Decked with jewels that flash and gleam,
In robe of velvet and ermine,
I played the part of a queen.

Far upward my voice soared birdlike
Till it seemed to reach the blue sky,
Then changed to notes low and plaintive,
Like the soft summer wind's low sigh.

Before me were beautiful women,
The cultured, the stately, the grand;
There were men of wealth and fashion
Who had begged me for my hand.

At my feet fell fairest of flowers
That perfumed the tropical air;
In one was hidden a jewel
That shone in the gaslight's bright glare.



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## WILD ROSES

Some one tossed a few wild roses,
  But little the dazzling crowd guessed
Why the others I left unnoticed
  And clasped them fondly to my breast.

Again I was poor little Inez,
  The fisherman's child by the sea;
The cluster of wild pink roses
  Brought a moonlight picture to me.

The round moon upon the waters
  Made a pathway of golden light;
Across it a ship was sailing —
  I was watching it out of sight.

In that brave ship my boy lover
  Sailed away out into the night;
I held in my hands wild roses
  As I watched it vanish from sight.

To-night, not knowing, not dreaming,
  I sang to one just home from sea;
'T was the hand of my boy lover
  Tossed the sweet wild roses to me.



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## WHERE SHIPS SAIL BY

Out on the rocks by the blue summer sea,
In the sound of waves, and a seagull's cry,
With the round moon rising behind the hills,
She watched alone where the ships sail by.

In the hush of twilight on land and sea,
With fluttering canvas a ship drew nigh,
Full-freighted with hope, and with love and joy,—
Alas, poor watcher, the ship sailed by.

## IN THE GARDEN

She seemed a lily in the garden standing,
That maiden graceful, tall, and fair,
Or like a saint from out some missal, painted
With sunbeam halo resting on her hair.

O roses snowy white, and lilies queenly,
O sweet white violets, you are wondrous fair;
But she was fairer in the garden standing
With sunbeam halo resting on her hair.



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## A PAGAN GIRL'S PRAYER TO THE SUN

(B. C. 500)

O SUN, thou god whom for ages my people
Have worshiped, low in the sky o'er the sea,
There thou hangest, a red ball of fire,
Tarry, oh tarry, and listen, I pray thee.

Thou who lightest up dark places with sunbeams,
Thou who paintest the flowers and rainbows,
Thou who fillest with sunlight o'erflowing
The cup of the lotus, list to my sorrows.

O bright Sun, thou hast left me,—thou hast fallen
Down into the waves. Thy blood stains the sky
In the west, and lies red on the waters—
Thou heardst not my sorrow, nor answered my prayer.



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## SUSPENSE

THE sky and the sea, like two nuns,
Wear mantles of gray;
And like a black cross seem the masts
And the yards of a ship far away.

Is it coming, coming to me,
This heavy black cross?
Shall the hopes and the joys of my life
Suffer pitiful shipwreck and loss?

The ship, like a bird on the wing,
Seems only to stay.
Alas, it is coming! — it tacks, —
O, thank God, it is sailing away!



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## DOWN BY THE SUMMER SEA

DREAM dreams, fair waking dreams,
  Down by the summer sea;
Let the unseen choir of waves
  Sing many a song to thee—
  Songs of infinity.

Of skies and seas that blend
  On the horizon far,
Where twilight's pale-gold ladder leads
  Up to the Evening Star,
  Shining alone, afar.

List to the undertone
  Of waters deep and low;
To the soft rythm of the waves,
  To the high staccato,
  Coming whence none may know.

There let the voice of God
  Speak of His majesty
In the weird voices of the waves;
  Speak holy words to thee,
  Down by the summer sea.



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## ANGEL OF DEATH

COME unto me as the moonlight comes,
  Filling the earth with its silvery light.
Come, as over the roses of June
  Zephyrs come wafting in gentlest flight.

Show unto me the "fluttering sail"
  The living see not in the "ebbing tide,"
Whisper to me that my loved ones wait
  With their arms outstretched on the "other side."

And lay on my wildly throbbing heart
  Thy hand to quiet, to sooth, to calm,
As the harpist on the quivering strings
  Of the harp he plays lays his open palm.

Sing as I fall in the "dreamless sleep"
  Earth's last sweet lullaby, softly and low,
Let thy dusky, trailing garments gleam
  In the "border land" like the drifted snow.

Be thou my guide to the "City fair,"—
  For thou mayst not enter within the gate,—
And place my hand e'er you turn to go
  In the hand of one who for me doth wait.



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## THEN AND NOW

THE round full moon,
So bold and so bright,
That mirrors the sun,
And is "Queen of Night,"
In the zenith high
Was a tangled thread
Amid clouds of white,
Was a silver bow,
An arrow of light,
In yester-week's sky.

## LAST NIGHT I DREAMED OF THEE

LAST night I dreamed of thee.
Sweet half-remembered words
Thou saidst came back to me,
Thy kiss upon my brow,
The sunlight of thy smile,
Thy touch — once real — but now
A dream.



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## GOD'S MESSENGER

DAY has opened her bright eyes,
There 's a mist-veil o'er the skies,
And upon the summer sea.
Sunrise trails her hair of gold
O'er the waves and headlands bold,
But no brightness comes to me.

Through death's mist I cannot see
One I love who 's gone from me.
Nor the Father's pitying heart.
In the splendor of life's way,
In the perfect summer day,
I can no more have a part.

Lo! from out the cedar hedge,
Straight unto my window-ledge,
Bringing message joyously,
Comes like a brown-feathered arrow
Shot from unseen bow, a sparrow.
"Cares He both for thee and me."



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## DAFFODILS

"If I had but two loaves of bread, I would sell one and buy hyacinths."—*The Koran.*

O DAFFODILS, bright daffodils,
I 'd sell my other loaf for thee.
Thou art so sweet, I love thee so,
That thou art soul-bread unto me.

I 've placed thee in a crystal vase,
As clear as crystal vase can be;
Hold high thy pretty yellow heads,
While I a story tell to thee.

Once up each side a garden path
Two lines of daffodils did stray,
Two golden chains of memory,
That link my childhood with to-day.

Up to an old colonial house,
From gate to doorsill, side by side,
Were daffodils in yellow gowns,
Gay daffodils—New England's pride.

A little girl stood in the door,
Her heart was filled with love for thee,
First garden flowers of the spring,
O daffodils, that girl was me.



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## "NIGHT'S CANDLES ARE BURNED OUT"

LAST night when stars were lighted one by one,
Eyes blue as summer skies,
And bright like stars that shine—
Dear, dying eyes,—
Looked into mine.

. . . . . .

"Night's candles are burned out," the day is here;
The radiant blue eyes
So bright, like stars that shone—
See fairer skies—
I am alone.



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## WILD VIOLETS

"WEAR them, and think of me to-day," I said,
And fastened violets upon her dress.
Their perfume wafted upward to her face,
Like some fair spirit's loving, fond caress.

They stayed with her through all that spring-tide day,
Those wildwood blossoms,—why were they so blest?
And when the stars shone in the evening skies,
Their life-work done, they died upon her breast.



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## THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING

We made our home in the wilderness,
The wilderness of billowy grass,
That rose and fell at the tide of winds,
But lay at noontide a sea of glass.

I was an artist who sought to catch
The sunset's glory on prairie wide;
A picture to paint was my fond hope
For the Salon—and she was my bride.

Before our cottage a cottonwood grew,
Whose heart-shaped leaves, like humming-bird's wing,
Fluttered and quivered on slender stems,
And in its shadow a bubbling spring.

Summer had passed as a spirit by;
The cottonwood's leaves were sere and gray,
And the cornstalks stood like sentinels,
Summer's outposts, that sad autumn day.



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But alas, the sunset I had sought
To capture on canvas for the Salon
Still burned in the sky and in my brain,
And the radiant summer was gone.

The noon was hot and breathless and still,
The white clouds rose like mountains high,
Peak above peak, grim giants at war,
In the far-away blue western sky.

I mounted my horse that sultry noon,
Not heeding her voice who bade me stay,
Nor the mute appeal of her white arms
Held out to me as I rode away.

I rode and rode for many a mile,
My *sombrero* down over my eyes,
And smoked cigarettes and cursed my fate,
Till a tint of gray crept o'er the sky.

Was my brain maddened, or did I hear
The whisper of demon from below?
"There 'll be no red in the sunset to-night;
Paint thou the prairie-fire's red glow."



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The air was breathless and still and hot,
The billowy grass a motionless sea,
No breeze was coming from east or west,
I threw my cigarette far from me.

A torch of fire my cigarette,
The dry grass changed to fluttering wings,
Of scarlet and gold, then serpents crawled
In sinuous paths, like living things.

Wild with delight at the deed I had done,—
I'd not taken thought,—was mine the blame
That like a demon out of the west,
On wings of blackness, the wild wind came?

I thought of Pharaoh's struggling hosts,
As frantic I crossed the fiery sea,
To rescue her, far dearer than life,
And some way a path was made for me.

For she was alone, my darling one,
In the fire's path our cabin stood;
I saw, like a shower of falling stars,
The blood-red leaves of the cottonwood.



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## THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING

Before our ruined cabin I stood,
  Wild with despair 'neath the leafless tree,
Calling my darling's name o'er and o'er,
  Begging my darling to come back to me.

Up out of the spring my darling came,
  A look of ecstasy on her face;
My picture—"The Spirit of the Spring"—
  In the Paris Salon had a place.



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## ALL THAT REMAINS

In a fair southern land an old church stands
A ruin, with curious roof of tiles;
Through crumbling arches gray star tapers gleam,
And moonlight shadows wander up its aisles.

Through rifts in broken roof sunbeams caress
The pictured face of saint with golden hair;
Time's hand has blotted out each one save hers
Of all the holy faces gathered there.

When noble lord, and peasant too, pass by
That ancient church upon their several ways,
Before the saint with the bright golden hair
In loving homage each one kneels and prays.

Like the old Spanish church, many a life
A ruin now once was a holy place,
Upon whose walls of memory still hang,
The picture of some loving, saintly face.



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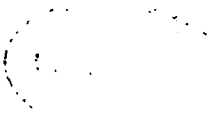

## A ROUNDHEAD AND A CAVALIER

### (BARRETT AND HIS SPANIEL)

O BARRETT, pretty Roundhead,
  And Bobby, Cavalier,
So well you love each other,
  No warfare need we fear.

I'll drink long life to Barrett,
  In milk, with love sincere,
And pick a bone with Bobby,
  The doggie Cavalier.



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## BLUEBELL CHIMES

THE bonnie bluebells, Scotland's pride,
The chime-bells of the flowers,
By breezes swept, ring out sweet tunes
Through sunny summer hours.

'T is aye of Scotland that they sing,
These truest-hearted flowers,—
Of poets, heroes, victories,
Of huts and palace towers.

Sometimes the bluebells tender grow,
And chime a plaintive air
Of Mary, loveliest of queens,
Or Highland Mary fair.

Ofttimes a grand old hymn they ring,
A hymn of long-past days,
Sung in some kirk amidst the broom,
A heartfelt song of praise.



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## BLUEBELL CHIMES

Of love and home, of peace and war,
  These flower chime-bells sing;
Oh, many, many are the songs
  The bonnie bluebells ring.

I listen to them, for I love
  The little alien band
Down in the garden—and I hear
  Sweet songs of their "ain land."



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## FROM OUT HEAVEN'S DOOR

I HEARD sweet music yesterday
As music from a star,
I fancied he whom most I love
Had left heaven's door ajar,

That I might hear the melody
Which day by day he hears:
Ecstatic joy was in my heart,
Though unto my eyes came tears.

## MY HEART'S CALENDAR

THIS is my heart's brief calendar,—
April it holds and May.
In springtime came he to the earth,
In springtime passed away.

Brief, brief is my heart's calendar,—
It holds but pages two;
My saint's day marked by a dear face,
With eyes of azure blue.



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## REST

Oh, thought of infinite pity—
To sleep an æon or two,
With never a care or sorrow,
And with never aught to do

But to rest, to rest, forgetting
We ever have sobbed or cried;
Forgetting that those who love us
And those whom we love have died,

When all we have done that is harmful
Like shadows shall fade away,
And when only truth and beauty
With us forever shall stay.

What joy to wake at His calling,
To wake with a glad surprise,
At touch of one who loves us,
And to look into well-loved eyes!

What joy to be led at dawning
By the hand that we love best
To Him who had infinite pity,
To Him who gave us sweet rest!



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## THE SUN HAS GONE DOWN

SUNSHINE over the city,
And sunlight upon the bay;
Peace and hope, joy and gladness,
Life but a bright summer day.

Fog and mist and the darkness
Over the sea and the town;
Houses and ships are specters,
For oh, the sun has gone down.

Life was to me all sunshine,
When out on the shoreless sea
Sailed one I love, and now
The sun has gone down for me.



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## SAINT BARBARA

BARBARA'S eyes are brown,
Barbara's face is fair;
With halo I would crown
Barbara's silken hair.

Barbara's words are kind,
Barbara's words are wise;
Generous are her acts,
And truth looks from her eyes.

She "seeketh not her own,"
But lifteth up the faint;
Shrined in many a heart,
Love canonized her saint.



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## WAITING FOR COLIN

I AM growing old; my hair,
  Once so golden, is now white like snow,
And I live in the far-away past,
  The beautiful long ago.

Ofttimes I stand at the door
  Of the farmhouse, my earliest home;
The sun is sinking behind the hills,
  As I wait for Colin to come.

Again I am little May;
  When I stand on the doorsteps so high,
The hollyhocks covered with crimson flowers,
  Are half a head taller than I.

The wind the red clover sweeps,
  And the tinkling of bells I can hear,
The cows down the hillside are coming now,
  I know that Colin is near.

. . . . . .



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## WAITING FOR COLIN

He was true to me until death.
  Now he dwells in the "Land of Light."
I have been lonely for many years,
  But Colin seems near me to-night.

I wait for Colin always.
  He will come when sunset is bright.
Again I 'll be his "own little May,"
  And my hair be golden, not white.



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## GOLDEN BUTTERCUPS

SHE is at the door,—
  Wild flowers she doth bring,
Golden buttercups,
  Day-time stars of spring.

She is at the door,—
  Graceful, young, and fair,
Buttercups she holds,
  Grouped with maidenhair

She is at the door,—
  Vision fair to see,
Buttercups of spring,
  She has brought to me.



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## NOT FOR ME

(AFTER THE JAPANESE OF K. IKADI)

BEYOND the garden wall
A fair rose groweth
Stately and tall.
"Not for thee, not for thee,"
Whispers the wind that bloweth
Over the garden wall.

Upon the garden wall
A white rose leaneth
Graceful and tall.
Not for me, not for me.
While love's fond dream I dreameth
Snowlike its petals fall.



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## POSSIBILITIES

THERE are caverns under the sea,
Prison-houses of seething fire;
On waves above, like a dream of love,
A white-winged boat may idly float,
A fragile craft, a sunbeam mote,
O'er Nature's heart of ire.

Or cities of marble and stone,
That from blue tropic seas arise,
With firefly lights on rocky heights,
A wave may sweep, and fathoms deep
Forever may lie in dreamless sleep,
Shut out from the star-gemmed skies.



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## WHENCE AND WHITHER

WHENCE came the summer day,
  Trailing its golden hair
Across the hills and fields?
  Whence came the day so fair?

Where went the summer day,
  On wings of burnished gold,
Of amethyst and flame,
  Beyond the headland bold?

Whence came the life that made
  My life a summer day?
Whence went the soul that took
  Light from my life away?



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## AFLOAT

On long-past midnight skies
  Of sapphire afloat,
'Mid myriads of stars,
  There sails a silver boat.

Beneath a star it dips
  Upon its lonely way,
And drifts a helpless wreck
  Into the harbor — day.

## NO ROOM AT THE INN

No place is there at the inn;
  Each room is filled with a guest.
No place for the Holy Child,
  No room for Mary to rest.

Your heart, O man, is an inn!
  Oh, have you ever denied
A room for the Holy One,
  A place for the Crucified?



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## TO THE MINIATURE OF DOROTHY WENTWORTH

**Dedicated to Mrs. Isidore Burns, Regent, and to all members of Puerta del Oro Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.**

BEAUTIFUL ancestress mine,
Come from thy oval frame.
Dorothy, Dorothy, come,—
Listen, I call thy name.

Come in thy Empire gown,
Jewels and frills of lace;
Come with thy high-dressed hair
Crowning thy fair young face.

Sit in the gas-log's glow,—
Not ingle deep and wide,—
Rest on the cushions soft,
Dorothy, at my side.

Speak of Colonial times,
Tell of a nation's strife.
Didst thou see patriots march
To sound of drum and fife?



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## DOROTHY WENTWORTH

Didst thou on a pillion ride,
In quaint, old-time array?
The minuet didst thou dance,
And on the spinnet play?

Tell me of some titled youth,
With braided, powdered queue,
Suit of satin, dangling sword,—
I 'm only a girl like you.

As star in the far-off sky
For me thou still dost shine,
Though an hundred years there are
Between thy life and mine.

Thou cam'st to me as a thought,—
Else why did I call to thee,
To come from thy oval frame,
Dorothy, unto me?



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## LANDSCAPE

(A KEITH)

FOREGROUND of deep, dark forest trees,
Through whose branches the sunbeams stray,
The bright'ning vista of sylvan path
Leading out to the golden day.

## MY TRAVELER

GOD keep all who travel to-night
By sea and by land.
Father in heaven, hold them
Safe with Thy powerful hand.
Keep them, O Father, from danger,—
Danger by land and by sea,—
Safe for those who love them,—
This is my prayer to Thee.



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## THE OLD SLAVE'S LAMENT

THAR was singin', thar was dancin'
In de cabins long ago,
An' cotton growin' in de fields
As white as northern snow.
In Massa's house lights twinkled,
An' de young folks danced — ho, ho!
Reckon de likes ob dose good times
Pore ole Pete will neber know.

'Specks de birds do all de singin',
An' de sunshine all de dancin' on de floor,
An' de lights go twinkle, twinkle,
In Massa's house no more;
Ole Pete is sometimes hungry,
But he 'll let the chilluns know
Dar was singin', dar was dancin'
In the cabins long ago.



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## WILD POPPIES

BEAUTIFUL golden wild poppies,
That nod in the soft, balmy air,
Well were you chosen the emblem
Of land of all lands most fair.

Who planted you, golden poppies?
Were you here when the world was new?
Were you painted by the morning?
Do you mirror the sunset's hue?

Do you grow from seeds of bright gold
That are hidden away from sight?
Are you stars come down from the sky,
That shine in the radiant light?

Are you golden cups o'erflowing
With jewels of raindrops and dew?
Why are you so constant-hearted
To the State that has chosen you?

With gold you carpet the meadows
Like the gold-paved Land of the Blest,—
Wild poppies, the flower emblem
Of the State of the "Golden West."



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## RE-CREATION

EACH day the world is formed anew.
God speaks, and says, "Let there be light."
Between each day there is a grave,
The long, dark, silent, sunless night.

Though memory's tapers — the bright stars —
Burn on the altars of the sky,
We should not gaze regretfully
Or for the lost days vainly cry.

From out of chaos rises fair,
A re-created world each dawn,
Another Eden given man
In which each life again is born.

A world of hope and joy and love,—
Perchance a world of care and sorrow,—
But never of despair — oh, no!
A new world will be ours to-morrow.



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## A RED ROSE

'T WAS but a line from an old Scotch song,
And a bonnie rose of red.
"I gave my Love a red, red rose,"
Were the song-words that he said.

"His Love! his Love!"—glad her small
hands clasped
The rose, for she loved him well.
Oh, never a sweeter way could be
Than to let the red rose tell.



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## CAST AWAY

LIKE "the base Indian" of long ago,
You "cast away a pearl,"—
I wonder, did you know?

Aye, in the dust you cast a true heart low,
Your own white, lustrous pearl,—
I wonder, did you know?

## IF

O MY dead, my dead, my dead,
If only you might draw nigh,
The days of my life would roll
Like golden chariots by.

And each one would hold a king,
And love would the scepter be,—
O my dead, my dead, my dead,
If you could come back to me.



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## MEMORIAL DAY

In a quiet spot beside the sea,
'Neath sobbing pine-trees, many, many miles
away,
Lies a soldier brave.
Like a pagan woman to the sun I cry,
Decorate his grave.

O sun, send down your beams most brightly,
Make on that grave mourned by the ever-restless
sea
Blue violets grow.
O summer wild-birds, sing o'er my soldier dead
A requiem low.

When on his grave tributes of flowers
His soldier comrades brave shall place, they 'll
start at sight
Of violets blue,
Nor dream, at prayer of mine, for love of him
The violets grew.



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## ON THE BEACH

THE white-crested waves at my feet
  Tossed a piece of a ship lost at sea;
I seized it quick with my trembling hands,
  Then tossed it away from me.

In fancy I saw a proud ship,
  Homeward bound from the bright sunset land,
And naught was left of that white-winged bark,
  But the fragment tossed on the sand.

No avail to cast it away,
  For the waves brought it back to the strand,
As memory brings all our shipwrecked hopes
  To us with a pitiless hand.



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## FOR THE BOY IS AWAY

No noisy crackers to buy this year,
No danger from cannon small to fear,
For the boy is away.
No young sun-browned hands the flag to fling
From casement high, a fluttering wing,
For the boy is away.

No merry shout when rockets shall fly,—
Arches of brightness across the sky,—
For the boy is away.
No powder-grimed hands and face this year,
But sobs for me, and many a tear,
For the boy is away.



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## SUNSET AT THE GOLDEN GATE

THE fog, like a pillar of cloud,
Rose out of the sea high and higher;
But the blood-red sun, as it sank to rest,
Changed the pillar of cloud to fire.

## MARIPOSA LILIES

SHE gave me a handful of lilies,
Wild flowers from sunny hillside;
Beautiful cups of gold they seemed
At the hour of eventide.

But in the sunshine of morning
They opened — the beautiful things,
The jewel-gemmed butterfly lilies
Had found and fluttered their wings.



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## SO LONG AGO

THE stars look out to-night through wandering
banks
Of white unfallen snow.
It seems so long ago
Since clover blooms bent heavy with the weight
of yellow bees,
So long since leafy trees
Held fluttering branches up to summer skies.
Life seems to-night as gray
And drear and limitless as plains that stretch
away
To where a star hangs low,
And shines through wandering banks
Of white unfallen snow.



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## AN UNFINSHED SONG

Up the valley rode rancheros,
  Brave with trappings gay,
Homeward from the vineyards coming,
  At the close of day.

To the tinkle and the jangle
  (As they rode along)
Of the bells upon the bridles,
  Sang they old love song.

"Do you love me? Do you love me,
  Señorita, fair?
For I love you, for I love you,
  Sweet, with dusky hair."

"I will tell you," — then the sea-breeze,
  Willful, or in play,
Leaving thus the song unfinished,
  Tossed her words away.



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## FOR GOD'S GLORY

**Suggested by a sermon of the Rev. David James, of San Rafael.**

Not for thy joy alone art placed here,
Sad heart bowed low;
Higher, holier is thy mission,
God's love to show.

Stood thou beloved in pleasant places,
Where the sun shone,
Now, in the wilderness, 'mid shadows,
Thou art alone.

Remember, soul, 't is for God's glory
That thou art here.
Show to the world His love upholds thee,
Thou hast no fear.

Come from the shadows that surround thee,
With hasty flight.
The glory that thou showest others
Shall be thy light.

Forget thyself, thy God remember,
Sing a glad song.
Stand thou in sunlight or in shadow,
'T is not for long.



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## COUPLET

(A MOTTO FOR A WOMAN'S LIFE)

LOVE God, and one true man.
Do all the good you can.

## GOOD-NIGHT! GOOD-NIGHT!

GOOD-night, good-night,
The stars are in the sky,
The moon, a silver lantern, swings
Above the mountains high.

Good-night, good-night,
To all the world, my sweet;
But in some castle-hall of dreams
Content may our souls meet.



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## A ROSE-JAR

You and I in the starlight,
O but the world was fair!
'Twas June, and there were roses,
Roses everywhere.

Out 'neath the stars together,
O but the stars shone bright!
My hands were filled with roses
Your gift, that summer night.

Here are the sweet dried rose-leaves,
Ghosts of the blossoms dead,
Memories of the starlight,
Though summer days are fled.



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## THROUGH MY EASTERN WINDOW

WHEN the sunlight through my eastern window cometh,
Shadow leaves and branches flutter on the floor;
And the gently-swaying rose-vines and clematis
Cling in dream-like shadow beauty to the door.

Through my eastern window, moonlight ofttimes spreadeth
Cloth of gold — a royal carpet — on the floor,
And rare tapestries of fretted pale-gold hangeth
Where vine-shadows clung in beauty to the door.



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## MY PLAYMATE

"I WILL come on a coal-black horse;
I will come in ten years, Fay,
When apple-blossoms are pink and white,
In the merrie month of May."

'T was my little playmate who spoke.
I was eight years old that day.
We stood in the orchard under the trees,
I was going soon away,

Away from the sea-swept coast,
Far away, o'er hills and plains,
To where rivers rolled over sands of gold,
And mountains had golden veins.

He said: "To the sunset I 'll ride,
I shall never lose my way;
Remember and watch when apple-trees bloom,
In the merrie month of May."



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## MY PLAYMATE

When my playmate left me for school,
From his small blouse, blue and white,
He brushed away just a few boyish tears,
Then he vanished from my sight.

. . . . . .

In front of our cabin I stand,
Our home on the mountain side,
In one hand are blossoms of wild plum-trees,
From the cañon deep and wide,

And I shade, with one sun-browned hand,
My eyes from the eastern sun,
And look for a rider upon a black horse—
I 'm sure my playmate will come.



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## SYMPATHY

If you but touch my hand ever so lightly,
Or speak a kindly word, or on me fondly smile,
Full lighter grows the burden of my sorrow,
And in life's sunshine happy stand I for a while.

Some gift of yours—perhaps a fragile flower,
Or your dear presence for a moment at my side,
Oft makes my pathway gay with sudden roses,
And the barred gates of Paridise to open wide.



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## A WINTER'S DAY

### (CALIFORNIA)

To-day I hold pink rose-buds, lilies white,
Daisies, and wildwood violets in my hand;
Dark ivy to the casement clings,
The sea a sapphire gleams, an emerald the land.
A tiny shadow—'t is a tropic bird in flight,
That cuts a sunbeam with its wings,
Its scarlet wings,
And glad song sings.

Such is fair California's winter day.
Where is the sparkling, dazzling, icy crown?
The ermine robe on plain and hill?
The last year's empty nest in branches brown?
The snow on trees? The little snow-birds?
Flown away?
The frozen lake? The moonlight still?
The moonlight still
On icy hill?



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Where are the branches bending 'neath the
snow?
The silver fringe upon the eaves?
The marble of the hills and dells?
The north wind scattering far the dry brown
leaves?
The frost upon the panes? The firelight's bright
glow?
The merry, merry sound of bells?
The sound of bells
Through icy dells?

Grim Winter heard upon the mountains tall
The softly wooing voice of the fair tropic sea,
Felt kisses of the warm, sweet air,
The flower-filled air, that whispered, "Come
with me."
Dropped ermine robe, let icy scepter fall,
And stole from mountains down to land of all
most fair,
To land most fair,
From icy air.



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## WAITING

I AM sitting by the fireside alone.
'T is a weary watch I keep.
In the chambers just above the blue,
All my loved ones are asleep.

## IF EVERY SOUND WAS STILLED

IF every sound was stilled,
No flutter of a bird,
Nor leaf on tree was stirred,
Could I thy footsteps hear?

I question o'er and o'er,
For thou perhaps art far
From me as any star,
Could I thy footsteps hear?



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## JUNE

THE clover-fields
  Are a-bloom to-day.
With the weight of bees,
  The blossoms sway,
Red blossoms of clover-fields.

From an unseen where,
  On an unseen way,
Sunlight and shadows,
  Now gold, now gray,
Flit over the clover-fields.

While yellow bees drone
  A lazy tune,
All about honey—
  For, oh, it is June,
And red are the clover-fields.



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## A KISS

THE rose you gave me yesterday
I fastened to my dress;
The perfume of the sweet white rose
Was like a fond caress.

The air with sunbeams was afloat,
'T was near the day's bright close —
A sunbeam paused on yellow wings,
And kissed the sweet white rose.

## WINDS FROM THE SEA

WHAT you do I may not do,
Kiss her forehead fair,
Bring the roses to her cheeks,
Ripple her bright hair.

Never touch of mine has brought
Rose-tints to her face;
Though I love her, ne'er have I
In her heart a place.



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## A SPARROW'S FALL

In the garden-path a dead bird lieth,
No flutter of wing for an upward flight.
It died when the moon — a lamp low hanging —
Shed on the earth its silvery light.

Now a holy place the garden seemeth,
In the early dawn of a spring day fair,
For One came at sound of the sparrow's crying,
He noted its fall, and was with it there.

## ELUSIVE

Happiness beckons from over the hills,
In the golden glory of sunset skies,
And we follow the toilsome way that leads
To the beautiful land of tropic dyes.

But lo! when the purple hills are climbed,
All is cold and drear in the early dawn,
While happiness smiles, as backward we glance,
In the sunrise skies of a summer morn.



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## MY STAR

SOMETIME I 'll dwell in a star,
It is given me to know,
In the hush of a summer night
It was whispered soft and low.

Ofttimes I gaze on my star.
'T is in northern skies to-night.
It glimmers and gleams and glints,
My beautiful world of light.

And you, on the sky-sea wrecked,
Close clinging to moonbeam spar,
Floating and drifting will come
To me in my island-star.



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## DANDELION DOWN

WHERE are you winging, ghost of a flower?
You seemed but a star in the springtide bright.
Where are you wafting, drifting, floating,
Down of a blossom, feathery white?

You 'll frighten roses with thoughts of dying;
They 'll shiver and shudder at you so white.
You 've found your wings, soft tipped with silver,
And spirit-like drift in the pale moonlight.

Oh, cease your wanderings, wraith of a flower,
Oh, hide yourself in the moist, brown mould,
And another springtime the sun will kiss thee
Back to a star-like blossom of gold.



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## CHRISTMAS EVE

No stocking dangles near the glowing grate
to-night.
The story of the Holy Child I have not told.
I have not bade good-night, or kissed a little face,
Nor twined around my fingers curls of shining gold.

But, I have wreathed green leaves and berries
red about
The pictured face of one I love the best of all—
A boyish, loving, happy face that now is but—
To other eyes—a painted shadow on the wall.



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## AWAKE

A WILD bird shrilly pipes:
"Awake! awake! awake!
Come from your fair, sweet dream,
Again your burden take.

"Open your eyes to weep,
Longer you may not stay
In dreams with your loved dead.
Awake! awake! 't is day."

Hast thou no pity, none,
Wee brown bird of the air,
To call me back to earth
From dream so sweet and fair?



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## AT BETHLEHEM

AGAIN I stand on the housetop
  At Bethlehem — "House of Bread," —
With the holy stars above me,
  That shone o'er the Christ Child's head.

I wrap my bernouse about me,
  As chill dews fall on my hair,
And alone, in Bethlehem's starlight,
  Fall on my knees in prayer.

Here, once on Bethlehem's housetop,
  I stood at my brother's side;
We spoke of the infant Jesus,
  And of Him the Crucified,

And wondered which of the star-lamps
  That shone in the deep blue sky,
Had stood o'er the manger-cradle,
  When holy Magi drew nigh.



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## AT BETHLEHEM

Bright over the mountains of Moab,
  Peeped the golden edge of the moon,
As we spoke of Judah's shepherd,
  And King David's harp a-tune.

Jerusalem slept in the moonlight,
  At the north, not far away,
And Judea's hills watched over
  The place where loved Rachel lay.

Now alone I stand on the housetop
  At Bethlehem — "House of Bread," —
With the holy stars above me,
  Like Rachel, I mourn my dead.



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## THE MAN WITHOUT THE HOE

Pity, your pity I crave,
For the man without the hoe.
Slender fingers, blue-veined brow,
Oh, many such one you know.

Muscles of iron are his,
The man who handles the hoe;
His heritage handed down
From ancestors long ago.

God in the Angelus speaks
Unto "The man with the hoe."
Soft bells, a reverent pause,
A prayer, with head bowed low.

Never a fear for his bread
Frightens "The man with the hoe."
Strong arms are needed ever,
And there 's always seed to sow.



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## THE MAN WITHOUT THE HOE

No flights of fancy are his,
No flutterings up to the stars;
No beating of feeble hands
Upon Fate's unyielding bars.

Sing not of chains unto him,
To the man who holds the hoe,
For mighty's his brawny arm,
And powerful to o'erthrow.

But pity, your pity, I crave,
For the man without the hoe.
Slender fingers, blue-veined brow,
Oh, many such one you know.



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## TOO SOON

THE moon rides like a silver boat to-night
Upon the clouds, white-crested sky-sea waves.
From solemn pine an eagle wings its flight
To lofty crags and peaks and lonely caves.
Through bare, brown branches of the forest trees,
The wind, with voice of Indians of long ago,
Wails down the cañon then, like summer breeze,
Whispers to hardy mountain-flower low.
A timid deer, down to a lake so clear,
It mirrors a bright star that shines on high,
Comes down a trail strewn with leaves sere and brown.
To drink under the star-gemmed sky.

. . . . . .

The clouds have blotted out the crescent moon,
And the bright stars in sky and lake of blue,
As light is blotted out of life too soon
By hand we trusted and believed were true.



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## ANCESTOR MINE

He hangs upon the wall, ancestor mine, —
No powdered wig, nor queue with ribbon tied,
No ruffled shirt, nor shoes with buckles wide,
No dangling sword he wears or feathers fine,
No knighted hero he of wars long past.
He sits in tiny elbow-chair of old,
A little boy with hair of shining gold.
In dimpled hand a crimson whip holds fast,
A suit of mauve, with frills of dainty lace,
Bright scarlet shoes, a brooch of jewels rare.
His sweet young self looks out of ancient frame
With eyes of deepest blue — a soulful face —
A gentle mouth, yet firm, and face most fair.
My great-great-grandfather, the wee one's name.



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## CONCEALING, REVEALING

NIGHT, with wings of darkness spread,
  Much thou dost conceal;
Shutting out the light of day,
  More thou dost reveal.

Earth becomes a shadow land,
  Ships but specters white;
Houses are but phantoms dim,
  In thy wrapped arms, Night.

Thou it is the round moon shows
  Mirror of the sun,
Soft reflecting golden rays,
  Though the day is done.

When the shadow of thy wings
  Falls on land and sea,
Blotting out one little world,
  To infinity,

Spreads the blue of skies that hold
  Myriad worlds of light,—
Little doth thy wings conceal,
  Much reveal, O Night.



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## DO THEY KNOW?

Do the loved dead know in their bright heavenly home
When on their dreamless beds are laid earth's flowers sweet?
When blue forget-me-nots and lilies white
Upon their lonely beds the wild-flowers meet?

It were not strange if earthly flower-full hands
And angel hands should bridge death's river dark and wide,
Or if, our Father, earth's fair fading flowers
Should make immortal on the heavenly side.



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## COMPENSATION

DARK clouds rolled over the sky,
And but one star could I see;
I cried in my wild despair —
Let the bright star shine for me.

But the purple clouds rolled on
And hid the star from my sight;
When lo, where the clouds had been
The fair moon was shining bright.

## BEREAVED

I KNOW that the springtide will come again,
That apple-blossoms will fall like snow,
That the sunsets over the tropic sea
Will be golden-bright as a year ago.

That up from the garden the jasmin's perfume
Will waft just as sweet as in other years,
That earth will be fair, and the stars will shine,
Though dimly I see through a mist-veil of tears.



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## ROSES THAT CLIMB THE WALL

Over high walls on a city street,
Red roses wander and swing,
As if they loved the hurrying crowd,—
They could do no sweeter thing.

For hearts are sorry and mourn their dead,
And bread is hard to win;
There may be fairer flowers than these
The garden walls within.

But oh, the roses that climb the wall,
Are the roses that I sing;
For unto the weary, toiling ones
A thought of beauty they bring.



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## "THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN A WEARY LAND"

THE noontide heat lay on the desert vast,
And steel blue canopy of sky
Spread o'er a weary land;
No cooling water-spring, with fringe
Of green and stately palm;
No fluttering soft breeze,—
Only the tropic calm.
Toiling across the sand, a caravan.
But lo, a mighty rock its shadow cast,
A refuge to the fainting ones at last.

. . . . . .

Crossing life's desert, on its burning sands
We rest within the shadow of the Christ,
Our Rock in weary land.



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## AWAY FROM HOME

BEAUTIFUL butterfly, brown and white,
With spots of black and gold,
Why are you here in the city's street—
The city so somber and old?

"The roses red and the roses white,
That climb on the garden wall,
To my clover-field a message sent,
And I came at their loving call."

## THE WICKED TYPHO

TISI-TI made a song of love,
For the beautiful Musuma;
But Typho, spirit of adverse winds,
Wafted the song away.

The Musuma so young and fair,
Heard the song of Tisi-ti;
She thought 't was her lover called to her,
And soared away to the sky.



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## MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

To-day's my mother's birthday, yet I cannot
lay
Fair flowers on her grave, it is so far away,
Nor whisper, with my face among the daisies
wild,
To her, "I love you, mother; do you hear your
child?"
And so, alone, I sit in revery to-night,
And wonder if earth's birthdays in that land of
light
They keep, or count it life when through the
pearly gate,
They enter in the city paved with gold. I wait
An answer, but the night wind hurries by,
No answer comes to me from out the star-
gemmed sky.



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## CALIFORNIA VIOLETS

### (AN INVITATION)

On the Atlantic's shores the fierce north winds,
I know,
Autumn's brown leaves are scattering far and
near,
And flowers are withered by the frost's cold
touch,
While violets are here.

Here in the sunset land the tender grass
Is covering hill and dale with "living green,"
And fretted in — mosaics rare of blue —
Are violets between.

And soon the golden poppies of this land
Will flame in splendid beauty everywhere.
The roses and the jasmin sweet will fling
Their perfume on the air.

Oh, come unto this land so fair, and stay
While snow is on the pines and days are drear.
Come, where the sun glints through the broad-
leaved palms,
For violets are here.



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## METEMPSYCHOSIS

THE sun looks down, the moon looks down
On Keti's grave by the sea;
Her soul now dwells in blossoms pink
That grow on the Tansi-tree.

I hold the blossoms to my face,
My tears fall on them like dew.
There are many maidens in Japan,—
Sweet Keti, I love but you.

When snow on Fusiyami lies
My soul-wife is lost to me;
But she comes again with blossoms pink,
That grow on the Tansi-tree.

O Buddha, Buddha, hear my prayer!
Change me to a honey-bee,
That I may hover o'er blossoms pink
That grow on the Tansi-tree.



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## JAPANESE LOVE-SONG

I AM a ministrel poor,
(Ting-a-ling, ling-a-le);
She 's a chrysanthemum —
What can she care for me?

Silk her kimona is,
Jewel-pins hold her hair,
(Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling),
What can she for me care?

Yet to the moon I 'll sing
'Neath window of my sweet,
(Ting-a-ling, heart of mine),
A rose falls at my feet.



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## "A CASTLE IN SPAIN"

Once she owned "a castle in Spain".
  It was azure and gold and white;
Ofttimes on its pavements she walked—
  Not alone—when the moon shone bright.

Sometimes to this castle afar—
  This beautiful "castle in Spain"—
She goes, and her footsteps echo
  On its gold-fretted stones again.

And the Prince of the Castle sighs,
  "The ghost-lady walks again;
She comes in the moonlight no more,
  She comes with the patter of rain."



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## CHOOSING A DESTINY

UNTO the temple I come,
The temple with golden bells;
I stand on the pavement white,
I listen for what my heart tells.

Shall I grasp the soft silken cord
And ring for the Goddess of Fame?
A bulbul out on a tree,
Sings softly sweet Midi's name.

Shall I choose the bright swinging rope,
That gleams like the sunset skies,
And summon the Goddess of Wealth?
My jewels are Midi's eyes.

I hold the azure-blue cord
I have chosen among the bells.
I call for the Goddess of Love.
I have listened to what my heart tells.



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## SOMETIME

SOMETIME she 'll fall asleep,
And none for her may weep —
Last of her race —
When she winged her flight,
Like bird far out of sight,
Out into space.

How looks the Land she 'll find?
What faces sweet and kind
Shall she first see?
Among the "mansions" there,
Fitted with loving care,
Which shall hers be?

Never a Land so fair,
Nought with it can compare
That eye hath seen;
Rainbows without a storm,
Roses without a thorn,
Fields sunlit green.



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## SOMETIME

One loved, so tall and fair,
With burnished golden hair,
And eyes of blue,
Her last of earth to love,
Will greet her first above,
Forgetless, true.

Holding his oft-missed hand
In that fair heavenly land,
Where comes no night,
With never death to bar,
They 'll roam from star to star
In rapt delight.

Close by the "Crystal Sea,"
There shall her mansion be,
On headland bold.
Walls like to opals fair,
Studded with jewels rare.
And beaten gold.

Down where the lilies grow
Breast-high and white as snow,
The Christ she 'll meet.
Tears he has wiped away,
Pure, lustrous pearls, she 'll lay
At His dear feet.



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## SOMETIME

She 'll fall asleep sometime,
And wake in that fair clime
Where her heart dwells.
No idle tale is this,
Of endless, perfect bliss,
My song foretells.



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## HIS LITTLE SUN-BROWNED HAT

FROM the dark closet's highest shelf
I took his small hat down,
His little hat with ragged brim,
Sun-browned, with broken crown.

I fancied I should hear his step
Come bounding up the stair,
Should see his merry, laughing eyes,
His burnished, wind-tossed hair.

I held it with caressing hands,
And cried, "Come back to me
And claim the little sun-browned hat."
Alas, it cannot be!

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